that it pays to get prices on, that there's saving in comparison and investigation, it's FURNITURE. Furniture dealers, as a rule, don't say much about prices. We do. It's a question whether our big stock and immense variety or our great values is our best card. It isn't a question of saving cents, it's a question of saving dollars. You'll take home from here a good Furniture bill for the change that you'd leave with the rest at some other store that's just the difference between judicious and harum-scarum buying. Then again we have

NG CREDIT SYS

which means: Credit for everybody. All that is expected of YOU is for you to come here, select whatever you need for the house, tell us where to send it, and we'll arrange about the TERMS. We'll trust you. The friendship existing between us and the people now is the result of honest transactions and broad business principles.

will furnish' for you a home--all the

Furnishings from

> Kitchen to Parlor

Easy Terms.

Credit Is Our Doctrine.

Parlor made by a Parlor-Suit Crank, who

wouldn't be satisfied until he made them so good that the cost in desperation takes a great big the Parlor Suits for ing. WE DO ALL

MANY SPECIALS FOR MONDAY. You Don't Have to

Have Cash. We also have Parlor Suits from the largest and best factories. You can see them in

Walnut, Cherry, Oak, and Mahogany. Frames upholstered

in Hair-Cloth, Silk Plush, Brocatelle, Tastock just unpacked and ready for lookers at 8 in the morning. Every Kind in Stock.

The casy terms are Linoleums,

Jewelry and Silver-

Plated Ware.

DIAMONDS AND

ROLLED-GOLD

AND GOLD-FILLED

CHAINS, VICTO-

KNIVES, FORKS,

SPOONS, CASTORS,

No Notes-No Interest.

Credit Free to All.

For presents or

gifts of any kind this

department 'll help

you-take your pick,

we'll arrange the

payment part satis-

some plain, some

fancy. A Substantial

finish, with patent

French-plate glass,

only \$15-a perfect

factorily.

Hat-Racks,

CLOCKS, &c.

RIAS, &c.

Our Carpets. THE GREATEST LINEEVER SHOWN WATCHES for ladies IN THIS CITY, and and gentlemen.

on casy payments, grew too big; now too, which means present comforts loss, and we take without weary wait-THE WAITING FOR FRUIT-DISHES,

> Of Course You Can Get Easy Terms.

Every kind of Car-INGRAINS, BRUSSELS,

> BODY BRUSSELS, VELVETS,

WILTON VELVETS, 50 dif rent styles, and many others pestry, &c. A large from the largest and Hall-Rack, fine polish most reliable mills in the country. Rugs, Art Squares,

Hall-Racks at \$5. Oil Cloths, Hall-Racks at \$50. All quarter sawed Mattings, &c., &c.

If it's

the right thing

at

Right Price

vou want

better get it

here---

ROTHERT'S

Furniture House--

a safe place

for the

economical.

Credit Is Our Creed.

Chamber

A weighty subjectwe'll make it shortlet's have a brief talk on one of the most important things in HOUSEFURNISHINGSbut why talk at all? Suits. The best as- ates every effort sortment of Walnut pushed by us in Chamber Suits at the making ours truly A smallest possible COMPLETE CHINA prices.

Credit For Every One.

A Fine Walnut Suit, 10 pieces, Bed, Dress er, Washstand, four Chairs, one Rocker, one Table, and Towel Rack, Handsomely-Finished, Plate-Glass Mirrors, only \$65, actual worth \$75. Finer Suits as high

as \$200. Suits, 10 Oak pieces, \$25.

A special item for this week:

Cherry, Curly Birch, and Mahogany Suits at your own prices. All finely pol-ished, with French Patent Bevel Glasses Visit us before you

make a purchase.

Crockery Department. A regular Crockery

France and Ger-

many have contributed largely to our dainty CHINA SUP-Let the prices tell PLY. The thrifty our tale on Chamber house wife appreci-STORE.

It.

AFTE R-DINNER TEA- AND TOILET

BLES.

than asked.

ENTIRE OUTFIT-

Kitchen

Furnishings.

Department

Cook-Stoves,

Ranges, Heaters for

the parlor or cham-

ber, Tinware of every

kind that is used in

the kitchen, Iron

Pots, Tea-Kettles,

Frying-Pans, &c. &c.

Heating-Stoves

It's a great thing

to be able to buy the

complete-of a single firm in furnishing the house and SAVE A MULTIPLICITYOF BILLS AND DAYS OF SHOPPING.

Credit if You Want Your Credit Is Good Here.

BRASS and ONYX COLUMN BAN-QUET LAMPS.

HALL LAMPS AND ONYX TA A Special Sale This Week

French China Tea Sets.

Every set's worth much more money

See them to-mor-

lin Egg Stoves, and Oil Heaters. Stoves set up at our expense and on

easy terms.

of every kind-Self-Feeders, Open Frankon credit at cash prices.

MAMMOTH Furniture House.

on

Fourth. and Broad

A NICE, SWEET FACE.

The Idler Tells How to Keep Your Complexion Smooth, Clean, and Pretty.

THE THE BUTTERMILK SOAK.

Matrimonial Arrangements-Joy Just Before Marriage.

A rice, smooth, whiskerless, freckleless complexion is something to be desired. Whether I rejoice in one myself, or am thrown into juxtaposition with that of some fair admirer, I am alike happy and contented. A face corrugated like the hids of a rhinoceros, pimped like the warts on a cucumber, or speckled like a Dominicker hen, has no attractions for me, and I can never be found in the teighborhood of it. And hence the smooth-cheeked, beardless, and unsophisbeated infant may always expect attentowards it (him or her, as the case may be), for the touch of its (his or her) chubby, pudding-shaped physiognomy is refreshing-nay, even so refreshing as the touch of General Grant's face on a \$5-

Entertaining such views as the above h it any wonder that I eagerly read all comments on complexion? Only a few fays ago I picked up a breezy sheet, which published a column of queries to physicians and the answers thereto. Here was one query which "kept me guessing" until I saw the answer:

Dear Doctor: Please inform me if there is a preparation to beautify the complexion that would not injure the Also tell me when the face

he first place, it struck me that I hate powfully to lose all that fully to lose all that 'Tain't every cow that buttermilk. Tain't every cow that buttermilk these days, anyhow; even supposing every one did, it like waste to cleanse it away. But the resign myself to let the buttermake tresign myself to let the buttermin so, rather than resort to the latter
special. The sweet one who queries
presume she is sweet) asks whether it
better for the face to be cleansed of
the mik, or allowed to soak in the skin,
ow, just think of allowing your face
soak in your skin! How far is it to
sak and what's to become of the skin
hen the scheme of the skin oak in your skin! How far is it to and what's to become of the skin in the souking is over? True, there some faces in this town that ought to but in soak, but if they're just to

avely to the rescue, however, and rings words of advice as comforting as the clive branch fetched by the squab of the patriarchal Noah. He says, in this centle, confiding way: "The follow-

and you avoid both the difficulties I have enumerated. Firstly, you get the full benefit of the buttermilk, which (though by a rather roundabout way) ultimately reaches your anatomy. Se-condly, you avoid the troublesome job of being compelled to have your face soak into your skin, which process, even under the most advantageous circum-stances, must necessarily be uncomfort-

Many months ago, while I fritted away the pleasant hours of summer in the pursuit of chills and fever at a fashion-able watering-place, a written query was addressed to me by several sweet fre-quenters of Isadore Ecinstein's bargain counter. The communication, v bristled with mythological allusions kept me hunting through a classical dic kept me hunting through a classical dic-tionary for weeks, wound up on the six-teenth page by asking me how a woman, after she got a man in love with her, could keep him in that fix. The inno-cent frequenters of the "remnant depart-ment," who only spelt two words wrong, begged me to give them the wisdom of my reflections on this subject. I have reflected, but 1 have no wisdom to dis-pense.

Could I answer that question my for-tune would be made. Spinsters would flock towards meelike the multitudinous male population sweeping onward to the free-lunch counter. Words would flow from my lips—not sweeter than honey (which, at best, is bound to attract files)— but at the rate of 75 cents a syllable. Forsooth, with the key to that mystery, my whole life would be one dream of consummate Hotel-Jefferson indigestion, mingled with champagne enlargement of the head.

Alas! Paulina, thou that makest the deals in bleached cotton! Alas! and alast Alas! Paulina, thou that makest the deals in bleached cotton! Alas! and alack. Lucinda! thou that workest the dry-goods clerk to death for a 2-cent purchase, I would fain answer, but I cannot. To keep a man in love with you is like keeping your youth. There's no keeping him, no howing him (if there's any holding he's going to do it!)—no chaining him. His affections are as variable as the price of hen-eggs-likewise as deceitful as the egg itself, may as variable as the price of hen-eggs-likewise as deceitful as the egg itself, may
be. This question has been discussed
before. It has been tossed about in wiser
heads than ours, supposing such to have
existed, and is still as unsolved as the
mystery, "Who hit Billy Pattereon?"

One scholar came near offering a solution. He simply said: "Feed the brute."
And none of us will deny that our hearts
are close to our appetites. Many a time,
when mine ached as only a heart can
ache, gentle, loving hands administered
ple, and the rugged lines of sorrow on
my face were softened. Try feeding him,
Paulina! Give him food, Lucinda! That
is all I can suggest.

There is nothing which so excites my charitable interests as the preparations of a prospective bride for her future state of supremacy over the victim of her fascinations. We like to watch the birdings as they build their nestlets, and so, too, we like to note the cluckings of the pullet as she announces her intention to enter upon domestic cares. But what, oh! what are these in point of sweetness compared to the flutterings of the maid who prepares to allow a loving consort to pay her board-bills. Ah! distinctly, I remember how my little heart went pitty-pat when I was going through this ordeal. It was just too awfully nice

offish with those who had formerly thrown their heads upon my bosom. To those who had no matrimonial prospects, I was positively cold, and even the lucky ones, who had schemes similar to

ones, who had schemes similar to my own met with chilly receptions, for, were not my ruffles and frills and laces and organdies, and silks superior to theirs? That was the time I felt big-colossal—for I knew that the whole towh was watching me, and that far over in the distant precincts of Fulton they were talking about the 10 lace I had on my understites. Wherever I went I felt underskirts. Wherever I that eagle eyes were watching me, and whenever my benign countenance ap-peared, I knew that scores of envious mammas were looking hate into my vio-

let eyes.

I felt, in those haleyon days, that I would like to always be just on the verge of marriage-just at that stage when the general public had not fully satisfied their curiosity about all of my affairs. It was a joy, too, to sometimes condescend to receive visitors and to take them into my boudoir and to show take them into my boudoir and to show them my furniture (bought on the instalment plan) and my lace curtains and all my finery. As I sat carelessly whittling my name on the mahogany bedstead I had the air of one who never had seen anything but good furniture. I expressed the fear that we could not find suitable hotel accommodations in New York (and we couldn't either at a dollar a day, which we paid) and I cursed the railroad company because it wouldn't supply us with a private car (at the price of two tickets). When the wedding presents got to coming in—I never went to bed two tickets). When the wedding presents got to coming in—I never went to bed as long as I expected one—I assumed a John Jacob Astor air of indifference. Cut glass and Dresden china never touched me. You would have thought I threw such wares at cats when they had their symphony club meetings. In fact, my whole demeanor indicated that nothing was good enough for me, and that nothing was as good as what I was used to. But it's different now. I am proud no longer. The echoes of the Lohengrin march have died away and we have other music in the stillness of the night. We in Pullmans. Sorrow and the unchanging diet of cabbage have softened us. We watch prospective brides with interestjust as all the rest of this sordid world is wont to do, and maybe we pray for them. THE IDLE REPORTER.

(Bedford Democrat.) (Bedford Democrat.)

The Republican party is still doing business at the old stand. Having failed in business, it has put up another sign, "Honest-Elections Party," but behind the curtain is the old party, with special partners, called Populists and Prohibitionists. The special partners are to share in the profits (the offices), if the new firm succeeds in business.

Like a Venomous Serport
hidden in the grass, malaria but waits
our approach to spring at and fasten
its fangs upon us. There is, however,
a certain antidote to its venom, which
renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and
world-famed specific, and it is, hesides
this, a thorough curative for rheumatism,
dyspepsia liver complaint, constipation,
is grippe, and nervoussess. In convalen-

Romance of Early Days in the Southwest.

COLONEL FLOYD'S ADVENTURES.

The Preston Homestead in Mont gomery and the Memories That Cling About It-Blacksburg Personal and Local Notes

BLACKSBURG, VA., October 26 .- (Spectal.)-Of the many historic homesteads in old Virginia none, in this section of the State, certainly, is more historic than beautiful old Smithfield, the home until his death of Colonel Ballard Pres-

The house, as it now stands, was built years prior to the Revolutionary war. Let me recount one of the many historic incidents connected with this old place; not only historic, but romantic,

Colonel John Floyd, the grandfather, if I mistake not, of General John B. Floyd, came from his paternal home, in Amherst, to what was then Botetourt county, but is now Montgomery, to seek em ployment as a surveyor. He found a home at Smithfield, in the family of Colonel Preston. He was engaged, not only in the surveyor's office, but also rode as deputy sheriff for Colonel William Christian, who was High Sheriff. In 1773 he went to Kentucky, and surveyed there some of the most valuable lands in that State, and returned in 1774. While in the county he became engaged to one of the most beautiful women of her day, Miss Jane Buchanan. Meantime, war had been declared against the mother country, and the Colonies were already at war, and Colonel Floyd's restless and intrepid spirit would not for a minute allow him to remain an idle spectator of a field in which not only immortal glory, but, perhaps, a fortune, too, was to be made. Colonel Preston, Dr. Thomas Walker, Mr. Edmund Pendleton, and some other gentlemen bought a schooner, fitted her out as a privater, and she was christened the Phoenix.

Her commander salled at once for the West Indies. Here he captured a rich prize, a British merchantman. He saw his fortune made in the rich booty which he captured, and among other valuables on the prize was found a magnificent wedding outfit for a lady. This was right into Colonel Floyd's hands, and bright dreams of the supreme pleasure that he would give his lady love when he presented her with so elegant an outfit, fitted through his brain.

PERVERSITY OF FATE.

But alsa: The perversity of fate. As ployment as a surveyor. He found a home at Smithfield, in the family of Col-

PERVERSITY OF FATE.

But alas! The perversity of fate. As he was in sight of the Virginia shore, he was taken by a British man of war. His ship with her rich cargo was captured and confiscated, and he himself sent back to England in irons. He was imprisoned and remained in durance villes.

manners he made his way through with-out a cent of money to Dover and from there to Paris. Here he sought and found Dr. Benjamin Franklin and told him his This liberal-hearted statesman

pox and forced to remain in Paris longer than he intended; but having still his lady love in his heart and thoughts he purchased in Paris his wedding clothes, including a scarlet coat and a handsome pair of brilliant shoe buckles.

BACK IN VIRGINIA.

After some other adventures he landed on Virginia soil once more, but in the mean time events which he had not forecasted were taking place at home. No news ever having been received of the Phoenix, she was supposed to have gone to the bottom with all her crew. Doubtless, Miss Buchanan mourned and repined the proper length of time for her lover. But, though the poet is, no doubt, guite correct in his belief that man was made to mourn, it is not to be expected that a handsome woman shall mourn always for a lost lover, on whom the deep-sca fishes have long since feasted. This, at any rate, must have been the view which Colonel Floyd's fiance took of the matter.

Colonel Robert Sawyer, a wealthy man of pleasing manners and prepossessing appearance, and an office in his country's service, met Miss Buchanan about a year after the vessel was supposed to have sunk, and immediately fell in love with her, and paid court to her. On a beautiful summer's day he asked her to walk with him in the garden. She consented. He passionately renewed his addresses and pressed her to marry him. BACK IN VIRGINIA.

GRIM FATE AGAIN. GRIM FATE AGAIN.

Ah! but Fate, grim mistress of human destiny, was to have a hand in Colonel Sawyer's plans, as she had previously had in Colonel Floyd's. For who should walk into the house an hour after the timid belle had consented to marry Sawyer, but Floyd himself. We may imagine that there was consternation in two hearts at least at the sight of him, and, mayhap, in one at least, a shade of a shadow of regret that the deep-sea fishes had been cheated out of their meal.

meal.

However this may be, Miss Buchanan broke forthwith her engagement with Sawyer, believing, doubtless, in the doctrine of priority of claim, or influenced by some other perhaps less patent, but more feminine motive, and married Colonel John Floyd.

The marriage took place in November, 1778. After remaining at Smithfield for a year, Floyd determined to move to Kentucky and eventually became famous there as a tough and stubborn fighter against the Indians, as well as one of the most prominent men in the new State, His home was on Bear Grass creek, six miles from Louisville. Standing under the shade of the magnificent old maples, one cannot but feel that Colonel Boulware, of Richmond, has done well to put the lovely old place in such perfect repair, and feel grateful that it has fallen into such competent hands, rather than into those of some irreverent new-comer.

By the way, I saw on his pasture-fields on yesterday the finest beef-cattle that we have seen this fall; magnificent eyear-olds, that will weigh 1,500 pounds each.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

The BUTTERMILK should be allowed 'dry-goods stores a sympathetic whisper to soak in the skin."

That physician is an economist, and knows his business. Follow his advice arfamily-of-eight expression, and I was offish with those who had formerly houses the immense crop of apples. Mr. James Cooper has put away in this manner for winter use, more than 200 bushels, and still has enough for himself and his

friends.

Mr. Ben. Hogan, the well-known and Mr. Ben. Hogan, the well-known and popular assistant cashler of the Bank of Christianburg, will lead to the altar on November the 6th one of Christiansburg's fairest daughters. Miss Maggie Kasey.

Mr. William Pierce and wife, of the county, left this week to spend some time at the exposition.

By reason of the fact that the Pulaski the begg acceled a batch of prison-

By reason of the fact that the Pulaski jail is being repaired, a batch of prisoners—ten in number—were brought down and ledged in our jail on Wednesday. Young Mr. Townes, a son of the Consul-General to Brazil, has arrived and matriculated as a student of the college. Mr. Harry Schaeffer, a graduate in horology from a Philadelphia Technical Institute, has opened an engraver's and designer's office in our town.

Judge John Gardner, the popular treasurer of the college, is confined still to his house by indisposition, but has greatly improved, I am glad to say.

Dr. McBryde is still absent in attendance on the exposition as a member of the Committee of Awards.

(Cape Charles Headlight.)

(Cape Charles Headlight.)
We are in receipt of a copy of the proceedings of the Good Roads State Convention, held at Richmond a few days ago, setting forth many suggestions for legislative enactment; and, while its views, if enacted into law, would be of benefit to certain road districts in the State, we cannot see how the Eastern-Shore people would be benefited by taxing them, when the probabilities are that they would never receive one cent from that roadfund, which would more than likely be used in mountain districts, where the roads are bad. To tax the citizens of cities and towns to repair county roads, independent of the heavy tax they already pay to keep their streets in order, would independent of the heavy tax they already pay to keep their streets in order, would not be exactly fair, especially towns like Cape Charles, without a public outlet, and to which a public highway has been denied. It could not, therefore, be expected that the people of this town would favor such taxation. So, when our legislators get ready to pass that law, we ask that this town be exempt from its operations. It is probably the only incorporated town in the country, with a population of 1,500, without a public outlet, and with no prospect of one. If the people of Cape Charles are not to enjoy the rights of other citizens, they should not be required to pay the tax proposed.

(Norfolk Virginian.)

sell

Stoves,

Furniture, Silver - Plated

Ware,

Jewelry,

Crockery, &c.,

MAMMOTH

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS

The Peasant Poetess Discovered by (The Nation.)

The name of Johanna Ambrosius, the

come a household word in every German home. The discovery of a new poet in which this woman's poems seem to countrymen is a circumstance sufficientreaders everywhere. The life of Johanna ble labor in farm-house and field. Amid sordid cares and physical sufferings she found consolation for her sorrows by uttering them in hopeful, uncomplaining verse. The only sources of her scanty culture were the newspapers and the periodicals, and it was through the medium of these that from her home in a remote village of East Prussia her voice reached the outside world. These waits of the poet's corner at last attracted the attention of Professor Schrattenthal in Pressburg; he collectd them, and at Christmas, 1894, they were published. In less than three months a fourth edition had appeared, and now the seventh is at hand. These poems have the winning beauty of directness and simplicity; their language is pure and their construction faultiess; nowhere are we obliged to make allowance for the humbleness of the singer's station or for the meagreness of her educational opportunities. She reveals a genuineness of feeling and a lofty spirit of resignation which speak at once from heart to heart, and her words found a quick response in the imperial palace and the humblest home. The Empress, it is said, has given her a cottage and provided for her declining years; the most distinguished men of letters have spoken in her praise, and now comes the news that one of the grentest of modern song-composers has been inspired by the charm of her verse. In the near future we may expect to find the names of Johanna Ambrosius and Johannes Brahms linked to some lyric gem. The eminence as well as the number of the admirers of this peasant woman would seem to assure her a place above the foot-hills of the German Parnassus.

A good story is told of a prominent ble labor in farm-house and field. Amid sordid cares and physical sufferings she